

HARBURY  
VALLEY

Mrs. Roberts -

from her

affectionate Son

the Author.

April.  
1858.

This transcript of  
'The Valley of Habberley  
and  
the Hill of Trimpley'

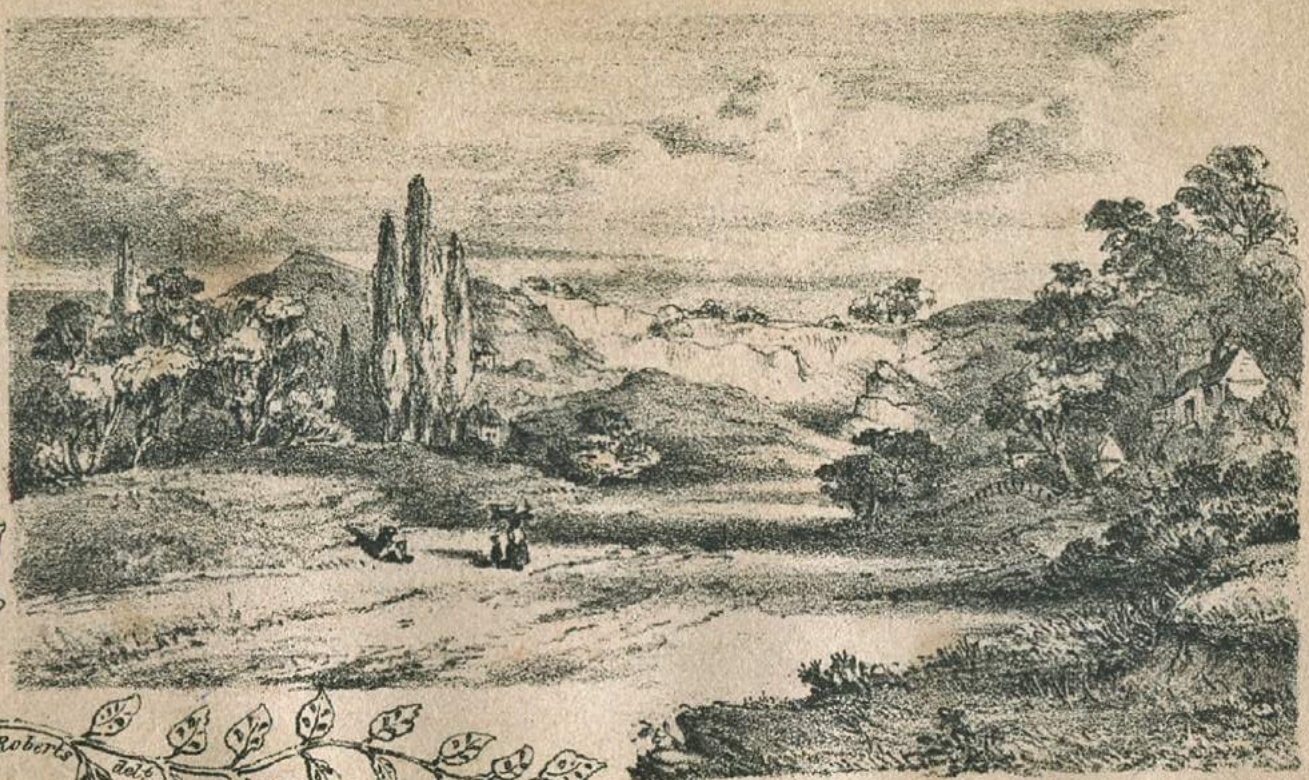
by

George E Roberts

was prepared by Bob Millward

March 2018





HABBERLEY VALLEY, LOOKING NORTH.



THE  
VALLEY OF HABBERLEY

AND

HILL OF TRIMPLEY,

THEIR PAST CONDITIONS AND PRESENT ASPECTS.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THEIR

*Geological and Botanical Rarities.*

BY GEORGE E. ROBERTS.

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"Jussit et extendi campos, considerare valles."

OVID, *Met.*, Lib. i.

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KIDDERMINSTER :

PRINTED BY GEORGE FRIEND, BULL RING.

1857.



TO  
EDWIN LEES, ESQ., F.G.S., F.L.S.

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MY DEAR LEES,

TO YOU, THE COMPANION OF MANY  
RAMBLES, I HAVE A PECULIAR PLEASURE IN DEDI-  
CATING THESE PAGES. IF THEY REFLECT THE  
SPIRIT IN WHICH THEY WERE WRITTEN, THERE  
WILL BE APPARENT AN ENDEAVOUR TO GUIDE  
INTO THAT FIELD OF NATURAL ENQUIRY, WHOSE  
LIMITS ARE EXTENDED BY INDIVIDUAL RESEARCH.  
THAT THIS AIM IS IDENTICAL WITH YOUR OWN,  
I AM HAPPY IN BELIEVING.

WITH CONTINUED REGARD,

I AM,

YOUR VERY SINCERE,

GEORGE E. ROBERTS.

KIDDERMINSTER,  
Sept. 1857

## Introductory Chapter

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*Habbersey Valley* is fast becoming a "Household Word" amongst us. Those who live near, and can reach it frequently, return each time with feelings of greater attachment; each visit adding to that store of recollections in which the sports of youth, and the rambles of maturer age are treasured alike. Each time they reap harvest of an earlier visit, either by increased knowledge of Natural Operations, or in that pleasant fashion in which thinking men in all ages have communed with Nature.

Cares of life-like shackles from a slave-seem to drop off as we enter its limits; and dull indeed to the impressions of Nature must he be, who is not the better for an hour's ramble through it.

But beyond the regard of its neighbours, the fame of Habberley is gone. The worker in iron, whose love of the beautiful has not been beaten out by the ceaseless clang of the hammer, sees amid the smoke of "the Black Country," visions of the green glades of Habberley, like a glimpse of Paradise from Inferno; and coming forth from the gloom that encircles his home, is guided to it by memories of its pleasant paths.

Among the thousands who thus visit Habberley, many there are, who though believing in it, (to the full) as a place of recreation, yet know that such conditions do not exhaust its value, and that higher pleasures are there stored up, attainable to those who take delight therein.



Sure I am, that many a man cares to know the marvellous history written upon the earth's surface, who is very far removed from the "man of science," and to whom pages of "the stone volume that is older than the Pharoahs" are attractions beyond mere physical enjoyment. I know no place so capable of fostering this spirit of Natural enquiry as Habberley, no less by the diversified paths which a mind so constituted may traverse, than by the number and variety of "good things" met with on either side of the way.

To be the guide of an intelligence so directed, this little book is written, that future visits to Habberley may be productive of an enjoyment proportionate with increased knowledge.

But other interests will be regarded in its pages. The *ultra*-scientific matter banished into a storehouse of its own, may be sought out - perhaps with pleasure - by those who know how much of the earth's

former, and, indeed, present condition is yet to be learnt; while it has been the aim, in this little treatise, to present great truths in so pleasant a fashion as not to deter from its perusal the most thoughtless visitor of Habberley.

Under two great heads the information thus given will be classed.

*First*, - How Habberley was formed:

*Secondly*, - What may be found there.

And if, in the latter section, sundry legends are found, perhaps the charm attached to them may be sufficient apology for their introduction; for every place remarkable for sylvan beauty has its legends, more or less wild, and a goodly share of such has been apportioned to the Valley.



## **PART I.**

### **THE FORMATION OF HABBERLEY.**

#### **CHAPTER I.**

##### **THE HILL OF TRIMPLEY.**

To enable us to treat of the Valley's formation, we must first turn to the hill of Trimpley, which overlooks it; and by ascending this, and noticing the relations existing between the two, we find Habberley to be a hollow, worn in its ancient sides, and bearing much the same relation to it, as the quiet bay does to the range of cliffs that shut it in. To understand how this came to pass, it will be necessary briefly to allude to those principles of formation which are established facts in the history of our planet.



All the beds of sandstone and limestone that cover the solid ball of the globe (much as the peel of an orange covers the body of the fruit,) were formed under water, by the gradual deposition of matter held in solution; and the *arrangement* of these various beds, as we now see them - whether broken up into rocks, or elevated into hills, or depressed into valleys - is due to those varied physical changes that have been, from the beginning of the world's history, constantly occurring. Sometimes volcanic convulsions, deep seated in the body of the globe, have *arched* the beds deposited upon the surface without violent breakages; *thus* we account for the elevation of Trimpley above the waters that then nearly covered the earth. Again, like convulsions have, in those ancient times, taken a more perceptible course; the surface of a district has been torn up by "dykes," as they are called, of igneous matter, thrown up from beneath, which raise ridge-shaped hills, and elevate the beds from their original horizontal position

to every variety of angle. Of this physical change, we have a familiar example in the Basaltic dyke at Shatterford, three miles north of Habberley. This outburst of ignited matter has raised the coal-measure beds, through which it breaks into a *vertical* position, so that they stand upon their edges. These physical phenomena, and others of a kindred nature, necessarily caused displacement of the waters, and a continual alteration of coast-line in the localities they occurred in. They were constantly taking place during the Geologic periods; those ages of incalculable duration, during which, by slow progression, the earth was being fitted to be the home of man.

Trimpley belongs to a very ancient upheaval period. "I have no doubt," said the late Dr. Buckland, when he visited it twenty years ago "that Trimpley was a hill, when the Alps and Appennines were level plains!" And though Physical Geology has made rapid strides since Buckland's

day, it has never done more, in this instance, than confirm the words of that sound observer.

We may regard the hill as being the first bit of dry land that appeared above the waters in North Worcestershire, though it has evidently suffered much alteration in form since it was elevated. By the change in ocean level, vast bodies of water have swept over it, and literally washed off beds that anciently capped it, but whose shattered remains now rest against its sides. No continued submergence seems to have fallen to its lot, however, since its formation; so its claims to be regarded as "dry land" through the long ages that elapsed between its elevation - which appears to have taken place during the Permian period - and the Human epoch, are undoubted.

There is an interesting little quarry near the Park Farm, that clearly shows what a mass of superincumbent strata anciently existed here; a bed of shaly stone



Fig. 2.



- A. *Pebble Beds of the New Red*
- B. *Lower Soft Sandstone.*
- C. *Permian Triassic Breccia*
- D. *Permian Magnesian Sandstones.*
- E. *Carboniferous. (Coal measures).*
- E2. *Shatterford Coal measures.*
- FF. *Devonian. Cornstone.*
- G. *Devonian Upper Tilstones.*
- H. *Basaltic dyke*

is met with near the surface, the layers of which are broken and contorted, evidently by the pressure of a great thickness of superimposed beds, as shown in *fig. 1* [*Note - see later Fig. 1 is between pages 36 and 37 - Bob Millward*].

Before descending the hill to speak of the Valley's history, I would call attention to the diagram, (*fig. 2*) which represents the various beds - one resting upon the other - that compose Trimpley, and tell you somewhat of the fossils that are contained in them.

The great mass of Trimpley is, as you perceive, composed of Devonian, or Old Red Sandstone beds, against which rest the more recently deposited Coal-measures, and the still later Permian and Triassic Sandstones. Of these the Devonian beds alone have been found to contain remains of animals that existed in the sea that here deposited them. These consist of fishes and crustacean animals, with which are found various remains of

aquatic plants, reeds that formed sedgy margins, associated with fragments of wood, drifted from other localities.

It is interesting to trace, in the beds here exposed, the varied means by which the animal remains deposited with the sediment of that ancient sea have been preserved. In one bed, the plated scales of fishes have been, by the infiltration of silica, changed into a lustrous chalcedony, resembling the most delicate porcelain; in another, the percolation of waters impregnated with iron has oxidized the fossils, and given them a rufous tint, in some instances coloring them blue and purple. Thus every bed is a laboratory of Nature, where chemical change works noiselessly. But these changes are elements of destruction as well as of preservation. If it was not so, all Sandstone would contain the curious forms of life that once sported in the waters. But, turning for a moment to the Valley,



we find no traces of fossils in those sandstones; their color is a dull uniform red, showing that the waters of deposit were so largely charged with iron, as not only to color the whole sediment, but to destroy whatever animal or vegetable remains may have been deposited with it.

It is well to note how clearly the whole series of beds that form the hill point to an aqueous formation. The Sandstones are simply the sands of sea-shores, consolidated by long ages of pressure, and the conglomerates and pudding-stones are the gravel beaches thrown up by the tidal waves. Their place in Geology is too remote to enable us to trace in the natural features of the country, lines of beaches, and limits that enclosed the waters; but from examination of their animal contents, we may reproduce the phenomena of the period, and thus learn the circumstances which governed life.

First, we find evidence of a sea, rocked, ever and anon, by disturbances

that entombed whole shoals of fishes in marine sediment; then we have a receding tide, leaving an estuary or salt-marsh to fill up the hollows of Trimpley, around which a scanty growth of reeds and rushes exist, and shelter frog-like and crab-like reptiles, which here enjoyed the necessary conditions of an amphibious existence.

But the fossils are not the only witnesses of these changes. The ripple marks of the receding tide are indelibly impressed upon the Sandstones; and even the rain drops which fell upon the half-dried silt of the estuary are graven into its surface for ever! This may be verified at any time by examining the slabs quarried at Hall's Barn. In a bed of the same stone, which occurs near Puddlestone, Herefordshire, tracks of a reptile that had walked over the muddy shore are met with, and the rain and ripple marks still more perfectly preserved. Such are the evidences handed down from this ancient life period.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE VALLEY OF HABBERLEY.

Descending from Trimpley, let us stand awhile upon the great buttress of rock that forms the head of the Valley. This is called Ridgestone Rock, and is the most favorable spot for viewing the beauties of Habberley. That all seasons have their peculiar beauties, is most strikingly exemplified by this view: be it summer or winter, the aspect of Habberley entrances alike.

In winter, the wooded heights of Warshill, that form its western boundary, are like an army with spears, glittering in frozen sheen, and the bare cliffs that face them twinkle with a million icy points. When brighter days dawn, the naked spears are clothed in banners of waving green, and the rocks and hills are glorious in their *bizarrerie* of yellow gorse-blossoms and purple heather. But when the "fiery fragrancancy" of Midsummer is past, and the first leaf falls from the bough, then is the time to see Habberley in its festive attire. "The many-colored shield of Autumn" is held over the Valley, and lavish is the wealth of color that decks the woods and rocks. Everything is rich and gorgeous; even the snowy mushroom gives place to brethren clad in scarlet and gold, and decaying leaves are lighted to death by the silvery growth of lichens! So bright are the closing days of the year, that it has been said, - in allusion to that mysterious connection which the mind perceives -



"the Autumn of Habberley is like a flourish of trumpets !"

There is an ancient yew some feet beneath us, clinging with hooked hands to the face of the crag; it is the "oldest inhabitant" of Habberley, so let us sit near it, and endeavour to learn those marvellous battles of physical change, fought out in the arena before us. There is plenty of evidence of the battles of Habberley, though human chronology does not help us. The torn and shattered rocks show who were the sufferers, and proclaim to man events that occurred in the world long before his occupation of it. The poor stones have been sadly punished in old times. We have abundant witness of this in the cap or summit-bed of Warshill (the wooded height before us,) composed of small fragments of rock, every one of which has been first *roasted*, and then *polished* by continual grinding against its brethren in affliction. This is clear evidence of a period of *some little* disturbance, and as it lies between the

stones of Trimpley and those of the Valley, it must claim our attention next.

If we take one of the pebbles from this bed, and split it, we find its character - as shown by the arrangement of the particles that compose it - to be identical with a bed of Sandstone (not broken up) on which it rests, with the single difference of its having been hardened by heat. Presuming therefore, as some Geologists have done, that the fragments are merely the underlying bed broken up, the question is, How came they roasted? And as, however probable it may seem, we do not find in the construction of this hill any mass of volcanic matter that could have altered the stones, by contact in a heated condition, it is not easy to determine how the change took place by phenomena confined to the spot.

But another reason has been assigned by Geologists. It is supposed that at this

period a sea of ice, laden with the debris of shattered rocks, came floating from the North, and a portion being confined in the channel then roughly marked out by the elevation of the Malvern, Clent, Abberley, and Trimpley hills, melted there, and suffered the stony burden to sink to the bottom, from whence they were thrown up, as lines of shingle beach, by the waves. This theory explains the remarkably *glazed surfaces* of the fragments; by the continual rubbing together they must have suffered in the course of their transit. Whether this is the true reading or no, it is certain that the phenomenon of an icy deluge sweeping over the country has more than once occurred in the past history of our planet; though it would be well in this case to accept it cautiously, as the affinity of the broken fragments to the bed of compact stone they rest upon is too important a feature to be passed over.

Other seas, during periods still nearer

the present day, washed against the already deposited beds of Trimpley and Warshill, and, in process of time, their sediment became consolidated into the Sandstones of Habberley; not in the broken, rocky condition we now see them, but as one gentle slope, resting against the hills. There was no germ of the Valley till long ages after, when by the dashing of the waves against the hill, a great part of these Sandstones were washed away, and a hollow worn in its ancient sides. To this period however we will at once turn, as being the next of any interest in the history of Habberley.





## CHAPTER III.

## THE BIRTH OF THE VALLEY.

If you give attention to a Map of England for a few minutes, you will find it a great help in understanding this matter, which is a very important part of our Physical Geology.

You perceive that the Bristol Channel has evidently an upward course, and seems to point to the short channel, or arm of the sea, that indents the coast of Cheshire.

Now, it is an established fact in Geology, that England was, during the last period of the "world before man," divided from Wales by such a channel. And because a portion of this channel is now the bed of the Severn, it has been named the "Severn Straits;" and that portion which, in passing the Malvern Hills, washed their base, the "Straits of Malvern."

This is proved by examination of the district through which the waters rolled; a channel is distinctly marked out by ranges of cliffs on each side, and the enclosed district is covered, more or less, by beds of gravel and sand hills. Its course through North Worcestershire was pleasingly diversified by little bays on each side - hollows the dashing waves had worn in the sides of the hills that confined its waters - and one of these little bays was Habberley.

For how long the waters of the Straits rolled into the Valley is uncertain, but it must have been for ages; it seems

highly probable that the whole of the Natural features by which we recognize it - its beautifully rounded hills, and the arrangement of its rocks - are the work of this one period

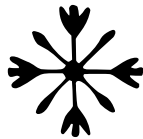
Across the mouth of the bay, the sea has thrown up a long sand bank, or bar, as such a feature is called in sea-coast language; the line of this is still preserved and clearly to be made out in the sand hills of Warshill Common.

But the physical change which dried up the Straits, and attached Wales to England entirely altered the character of Habberley. This being effected by a gradual elevation of the district over which the waters rolled, the little bays became detached from the main channel, and assumed the character first of backwaters, and then of salt marshes, or estuaries. And this latter character they so long retained, that we may reasonably believe Habberley to have been a saline lake for ages after man had appeared upon the earth.

Indeed, we have abundant proof of this in a fact which is one of the most important features of Habberley; and that is, the existence and vigorous growth of certain plants which are peculiar to the sea-coast, and under ordinary circumstances will not grow except in the neighbourhood of the ocean. Yet it seems that sand on which saline breezes have blown long retains the qualities necessary for the support of such plants; for if we turn to the grassy slopes beneath us, we find, growing and blossoming, descendants of the very plants that were washed by the spray. A very commonly met with species is the Sea Stork's bill, (*Erodium maritimum*,) a plant that has clung to the Valley so long as to exchange the silence of the quiet bay - broken only by the shriek of the sea-bird - for those conditions of human life that have dotted it with white cottages, and filled it with the voices of happy children! Side by side with its life-tide is written the whole

history of the human family, and by its help we bridge the gulf between the dim shores of Geologic times, and the pleasant country of to-day.

But other forms of life have been faithful to the Valley. Year by year, sea-gulls come to visit it, as if memories of the secluded bay had been handed down from one generation to another; year by year they come, seeking the waters into which their ancestors dipped their wings, but each season a dry valley, teeming with luxuriant vegetation, baffles their search.



## CHAPTER IV.

Filling up the centre of the Valley, is a long hill, or rather mound of sand covering up rock, called the Giant's Grave. Connected with this is a legend how the great Giant Fingal, returning late from dining with a friend, fell over Ridgestone Rock, and broke his neck in the hollow below. And insomuch as he was too weighty to be moved, he was buried where he fell, and the spot known as the Giant's Grave. The shape of the mound is that of a corpulent human figure, stretched at length; and from this most likely the legend arose, though there may be a spice of antiquity in it, as I shall presently show.



Yet it is too bad to connect Fingal with such an adventure, for this fine old fellow was - according to giant-gospel - an Irishman, and noted in legend, above all compeers, for shrewdness and caution. Furthermore, Fingal has a very wild death in Ersean mythology, far more becoming a giant than breaking his neck in a drunken fit.

About thirty years ago, the "Grave" was dug into by a party of antiquaries, headed by the late Dr. Prattinton; under the impression that it was an artificial mound or tumulus, erected over the remains of a British Chieftain, as was the custom of that ancient people. But no bones or weapons rewarded their search, and they abandoned the task, which would never have been begun, if they had learnt from Physical Geology how cleverly the waves can round rocky masses, and convert them into gently swelling hills.

However, it may be that some Chief of note lies buried beneath the heather of the Grave; for the tales of Giants are often lingering memories of the size and prowess of some olden worthy. Many a man of might, in old days, has gone down to his descendants as a Giant; and so his memory has been cherished in accordance with that endeavour of the human mind to create an ideal, either of strength, or size, or beauty. It is an idea of no particular people or country, but is common to the whole human family.

We have no credible account, in the annals of any nation since Noah's flood, of human beings having existed of such a vast size and strength as Giants are represented to have possessed; though there is no people under Heaven but have some relics of Giants - either as playing part in their mythology, or woven into their household tales.

In the last century, the curious theory was broached, that man, being formed of

gigantic proportions, had gradually lessened in size since his creation. The French author of this, considered Adam to have been 150 feet in height - about the size and dimensions of an ordinary church tower; Noah was 70 feet; while in Abraham's day the standard had decreased to 30 feet; still farther to decline, till the merry-men of Ajax were considered as tall at 18 feet as we moderns are at seven.

But foremost in the natural features of the Valley is the "Pekkit," or Peaked Rock; a jutting crag which faces the "Grave," and towards which the affections of all youngsters do incline. To climb its rocky sides, and carve one's name - as a memento of the event - upon the stone slabs which cap it, is regarded as the bounden duty of every visitor of Habberley; and truly, if we may judge by the myriads of initials the slabs contain, there is no shortcomings in that respect. A marvellous fine field of research into

human character this, if a litho-  
graphiologist arises among us!

This ancient rock - almost the sole remains of the bed of Sandstone which filled the Valley before the Straits' period - must have been a formidable breaker in the latter days of that sea; though it is not likely there were then vessels to be driven by stress of weather into Habberley, and there to find, instead of the safety they sought, destruction against its rugged sides.

The "Wishing Well" is, in point of attraction, the next feature of Habberley. To find this we must walk along the base of the "Grave," past the little inn, and turn up the glade that skirts the pond, with its bordering ring of poplars. These trees were planted in 1820, upon the site of a similar ring of black poplars, of great size and beauty. Passing these, we ascend the slope leading to Warshill, and in the field below the wood, called the Riddings, (*i.e.* the

field of reeds, significant of its former condition, as a sedgy margin to the estuary,) we find the "Wishing Well," gushing from beneath an arched canopy. This is the only spring to be depended upon for water in the district. Its source is in a marshy spot, a few feet beyond the wooden door under which it flows, and immediately upon a line of fault between the Permian and Triassic Sandstones; a note that the Geologist will understand. To this spot maidens are wont to repair, and *wish*, as sweet fancy may lead them. Perhaps for husbands, as the Clent maiden is said to have done at St. Kenelms' well: "A good husband or ne'er 'un," was her prayer; to which the Saint (represented for that time only by a wag in the bushes) replying "Ne'er 'un!" - she cried in the bitterness of disappointed mateship - "A husband, Lord! if he's ever sich a sorry 'un."

Praying or wishing at wells, is a very ancient custom; and apart from the respect

due to its antiquity, there is a simple belief inherent in the human mind that seems destined to endure. A spring or rill that could stay the "terrible drought," and the pestilence that followed in its train, may well be regarded as sacred to some beneficent spirit, whose chief pleasure was to assuage the griefs of men. So when the life of a district was bound up with it, and husbandmen turned to it in trouble, there is, above and beyond all idle gossip, a species of reverence due to such a source of blessings.

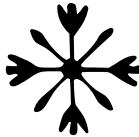
The *modus operandi* of "wishing" here practised, is to walk three times round the well, dropping a little pebble into its bason at each turn, and with it breathing your wish into the ear of the resident fairy.

The south end of the Valley, though not possessing such marked features as the northern, yet has its peculiar beauties. It leads to the entrance or mouth of the bay, and exhausts its lines of hills upon that bar



of sand before spoken of. A grand range of cliffs marks its somewhat winding course; these clearly show the gradual wearing away they sustained as they breasted the surge. In places they are undermined by the dashing of the waves as they rolled into Habberley; hollowed into caverns, as may be noticed at the bluff headland that faces the main channel, and is crossed by the road from Franche to Bewdley. In others, the cliff has been thrown down, and its ruins smoothed by the hand that overturned it into swelling hills. The patches of rock that remain faithful to their ancient guard, have a peculiar fortress-like appearance, though nearly hid by clinging heather; lines of white pebbles are exposed near their summits, which gleam in the sun like rows of grinning teeth. Once this bed covered up the Valley, and rested against the opposite hill; but the waters broke their ranks, and distributed them far and wide down the plains of Worcestershire. Rounded pebbles like

these are great travellers: not only is every sand hill down the ancient current sprinkled with the Habberley pebbles, but near them we find pebbles from Wales and Scotland, and even Norway, which have been borne down by the resistless force of torrents. Shattered, in the first instance, from rocks by some mighty convulsion, long is the series of trials a pebble passes through, before in the pavement of a town we tread upon its well-rounded sides.



## PART II.

### THE NATURAL PRODUCTIONS OF HABBERLEY.

These must be sub-divided into two classes: first, the fossils, or mineralized remains of animals and plants that have once lived; and secondly, the forms of life now to be met with in full vigour of growth.

The fossils must, as I said before, be studied at Trimley, in the ancient graveyard of the Old Red Sandstone. A list of the species there to be met with will be found in the Appendix, but I will here

describe, in more familiar language, a few of the most curious of these forms of extinct life.

The chief fossil of the Hall's Barn Cornstones, is the Cephalaspis, or Buckler fish. (*fig. 3.*) It is a fish whose head and body is covered by a cuirass of buckler-shaped plates, which in life were of the nature of tortoise-shell, but are now converted into a kind of enamel, colored in many instances, blue and purple by chromate of iron.

Mr. Hugh Miller, who first discovered it in Scotch beds, compares it to a saddler's cutting-knife, and in this graphic manner relates the appearance of a sea teeming with these strange creatures, as it is evident, by the incredible numbers preserved in these Sandstones, the "Old Red" Sea must have done:-

"The curtain rises, and the scene is new. There is sea all around as before. Shoals of Cephalaspides with their broad arrow-

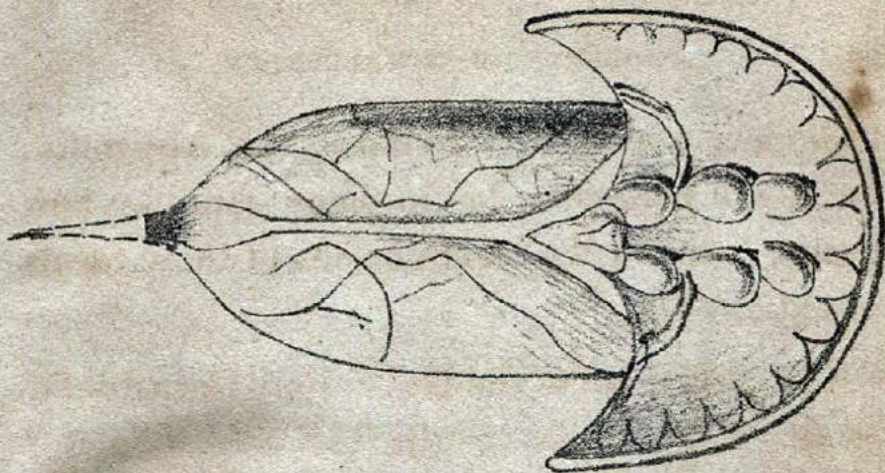


Fig. 3. *C. Lloydii*.



Fig. 4.

like heads and slender angular bodies feathered with fins, sweep past like crowds of cross-bow bolts in an ancient battle. We see the distinct gleam of scales, but the forms are indistinct and dim; we can merely ascertain that the fins are elevated by spines of various shapes and patterns; that some of the coats glitter with enamel, and that others, the sharks of this ancient period, bristle over with minute thorny points."

In the Scotch beds, these fishes have been found perfect, but as yet, only fragmentary remains, or at best, a detached head or body have been met with at Trimpley.

Turning towards the Church, we find in the quarry near to it (which is a bed underlying the cornstone,) remains of the same fish; but associated with it are plates and limbs of strange animals, allied to our crabs and lobsters.

Of these, the first in point of interest is



the Pterygotus, or "petrified Seraphim", as it has been called, from its scales bearing a resemblance to the supposed feathering of a seraph's wing. Two species of this animal are found here, one of which, the *P. Anglicus*, must, from the length of the jaw-feet and pincers found, have attained a length of six feet, or more; and have been somewhat like a huge lobster. In the left corner of *fig. 4*, which is a *fac-simile* of a slab obtained from the quarry; I have introduced a portion of a claw, to show the sculpture which adorns it.

The fossils marked B in this *fig.* are remains of ancient vegetables, carbonized or converted into a species of coal, as is the case with plant-remains in all ages. They are plants allied to the Equisetum or Horsetail of the present day, and seem to have flourished in a salt marsh or lagoon.

But with these are preserved some remarkable pea-shaped bodies, long regarded as the eyes of fishes, but now

known to be the globular seed-vessels of a gigantic land plant, allied to the club-moss (*Lycopodium*). Their pretty polished surfaces and fine state of preservation, make them as interesting to the casual observer as to the Geologist. These plants may have grown upon the spot they are, now preserved under, upon the dimly-seen shores of that ancient marsh, but this cannot be said of the greater portion of the remains, which are fragments of "boughs and branches," (so to speak,) of coniferous trees - evidently drifted from other localities - "irregularly grooved-stems, branching out into boughs at acute angles, seeming miniature resemblances to the trunks of gnarled oaks and elms," as Mr. Hugh Miller felicitously describes them.

But the most curious and puzzling fossil found here has yet to be described. (*See C. Fig. 4.*) This is a patch of carbonized matter, filled with polygonal meshes, "like a piece of ill-woven lace,"

into which apertures are inserted little black shields. Some Geologists have regarded them as the eggs of a Mollusk, or marine-shell animal; others refer it - with more probability - to the Crabs; looking upon it as their ova or spawn, and indeed it much resembles the "puddock spawn" of frogs. A variety found in Scotch beds has been decided to be the seeds of a reed-like plant, allied to the common Bur-reed of our swamps. But the Trimpley species cannot be referred to the vegetable world, and is most likely the eggs of one of the crab-like animals, whose remains are so numerous. *Parka decipiens* it has been named by puzzled Geologists.

These are evidences of the ancient life of Trimpley that the earth has preserved to us; and though a meagre list, and so entirely different from the creatures that now breathe its pure air, yet they testify to us that in the far-distant day of their existence - myriads of ages ago - rays of light were drunk in by plant life, and the

conditions of the atmosphere much the same as at present. For there is a living animal to be found on the flat, sandy beaches of Indian and Japanese seas, very much akin in structure to the armour-clad fishes of the Trimpley beds. This is the *Limulus*, or King Crab, which has precisely the buckler-shaped head and spiked tail of the *Cephalaspis* and *Pteraspis*.

One word more, and we quit these ancient shores, with their curious forms of life, and speak of the earth of to-day. Save one little reptile, remains of no nobler animals or plants than are here described have been found in any district where the Old Red Sandstone is exposed. So that, if we may reasonably conclude none existed, how different was the life of that day to our own! No voice of bird or beast broke the impressive stillness of the land; the roar of the tempest and the dashing waves were Nature's only matin hymn, and the calm ripple of the waters her only lullaby!

Turning back to Habberley, let us stay a little at the pool on the Green, - not the larger one, though that is good for many curious thing - but the pond opposite Mr. Chellingworth's house, nearly hid by circling willows. This is a noted *fishing* station; but as the mode of capture is simply to poke a stick in, and bring up a mass of the tangled weed that covers its surface, we shall, if we lose caste with Professors of "the gentle art," at least be spared the complexity of arrangements they hold due and necessary. Very easily we land our fish; and now to examine the capture. First, we will look at the most agile, for one fellow is making off with great speed. He proves to be the common fresh water Shrimp a gentleman of carnivorous habits, and whose claims to be "cock of the walk," are, in the absence of the finny tribes, undoubted. Having a very flexible body, and fourteen feet, he is astonishingly active, and is, when confined in an *aqua-vivarium*, as is the fashion now-a-days, tolerably pleasing in his ways.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 5.



A.

A. *Planorbis*



B.

B. *Lymnaeus*.



C.

C. *Cyclos*

Fig. 6.



D.

D. *Helix*.



E.

E. *Nerites*



F.

F. *Clausilia*.



G.

G. *Arca*



H.

H. *Pupa*.

Moreover, as we may accept him as the pattern, in miniature, of that gigantic lobster which has been just described as tenanted the fords of the ancient sea, his appearance on Trimpley is opportune, and with a certain respect for his resemblance to such an old family, we restore him to liberty.

Attached to the weeds we have brought up, are many fresh-water shells, of some six or eight species. There is the little *Cyclas*, whose shelly house is composed of two valves, opened and shut at the will of the animal who resides between them: with this we find the Coiled Shells, (*Planorbis*,) like a rolled-up tube; the *Limnæus*, or Mud Shell, an elegantly shaped abode for a very dirty-looking creature; and abundance of the River Punch-cap, (*Ancylus*,) an odd little shell, whose fanciful name well describes its shape.

There is a layer of "dead" shells and

aquatic plants, an inch or so thick, at the bottom of the pond, which may - when a few thousand years have rolled away - be dug into as a bed of shelly limestone; this process being precisely that which has preserved to us the shells of ancient days.

The poor cold clay of the Green does not afford much delight to the botanist, but some interesting land shells, (which we have figured,) inhabited by various species of Testacea, may be met with on the banks between Trimpley and the head of the Valley; though in fine weather they hide themselves from the glare of the sun, about the roots of moss, and upon the under surface of stones. They are very stay-at-home people, and live so quiet and retired as to be seldom found out in life, even by their enemies, the birds. The only luxury they know is to crawl upon the mossy banks, when a gentle shower has cooled the earth; and for this they, often pay dearly, for the birds are on the watch, and as the speed they travel at makes a journey



of a few inches a work of time, they cannot easily escape their winged foes.

I have said there are no fossils at Habberley. But this lack of ancient life-remains is fully made up by the abundance and variety of existing forms of life; and especially of plant-life.

Botany has been called "the joyous science," and well it deserves the title, for how pleasant is a summer's day in the woods, gathering wild flowers to the music of happy birds, and the babbling of brooks! These conditions may be enjoyed to the full at Habberley, which is a perfect treasure-house both of flowering plants and ferns, and the strange growth of lichens and fungi. Nine species of Orchids bloom in the woods, and pastures which flank them, while the same number of Veronicas open their blue eyes on the slopes that surround the Valley and in the ditches of Trimpley. The curious

Navelwort has for ages pitched its tent upon the craggy sides of Pekkit, and yearly shadows the rock with its umbrella-like leaves. The brilliant star-flowers of the stone-crops clothe the more naked face of the rocks, while the pretty little Eyebright and Crosswort, peer, like the quick eyes of birds, from their grassy coverts. The common Ling, and two species of Heath paint the hills and rocks with broad masses of color, interspersed with thickets of the Eagle Brake, and the untold wealth of Gorse-buds. At the foot of Jacob's ladder - a precipitous descent from the Ridgestone to the Valley beneath - this fern has been met with fifteen feet in height. In the woods on the right hand of the Valley, the Lady Fern (*Athyrium*,) abounds, whose fronds (or branches) are often arranged in that elegant vase-shape, that renders this, and its neighbour, the Male Fern, (*Lastrea filix-mas*,) such pleasing objects. Of this line of woods, however, the one which lies between the Lower Churn and Warshill, is

the most satisfactory in the number and variety of its good things. Here tufts of the Northern Fern (*Blechnum*), and Polypodys cap the rocky banks, while the graceful little Spleenwort, (*Asplenium trichomanes*,) grows abundantly in the fissures of the rock. A little rill winds through the bilberry bushes, which here form a dense thicket; and though dry half the year, has cut itself a bed ten or twelve feet deep, down the side of the hill; capitably exposing the junction between the New Red and Permian Sandstones, as the Geologist will not fail to discover, and delighting the lover of mosses and lichens by the snug little home it has given many curious species. *Marchantia conica*, among others, here elevates its cone-capped styles; and that pretty family of mosses, the *Jungermannia*, ("ferns in miniature," they have been called) cover the banks. Upon the surface of the slabs which form the bed of the brook, several of those hoof-shaped indentations occur familiarly known as

"tracks of St. Catherine's mare and colt." They are very abundant in Sapey brook, near Martley, where the legend had its rise. For, according to tradition, a mare and her foal belonging to the Chapelry of Sapey, having been stolen by a woman, who led them down the bed of the stream to avoid discovery of their traces, St. Catherine interposed, and ineffaceably imprinted upon the rock the footprints of the animals, and the marks of the woman's pattens, as a memorial of the sacrilegious crime.

But however much they may resemble prints of feet and pattens, we cannot accept this monkish tale, nor yet that of a well-known County Antiquary, who once laboured to prove they were tracks of Pre-Noahian animals - horses and cows, and deer that had lived upon the "green undeluged earth " with Methuselah and the giants of old! They are evidently co-eval with the rock in which they appear, - a rock deposited when the coal fields of the world were peaty bogs - ages before the

Ark rode upon the billows; and may be proved to be of the simplest natural formation. I cannot explain this better than by using the words of my esteemed friend, Mr. Edwin Lees. In a book which no lover of nature should be without, he says: "Water more or less decomposes every kind of stone when lodged upon it, as may be seen upon old flat tombstones in churchyards; and there is always a tendency to the circular form (in the depressions,) more or less complete. A sea-beach exposed to the action of the waves in Palæozoic (or old life) times, might doubtless have similar depressions made upon it to what we now perceive upon rocks exposed to tidal action. If these were afterwards tilled with softer marly matter, upon the waters retiring, the marks, though concealed, would remain within the structure of the stone; and when again exposed, as in the present day, to the influences of running water and the atmosphere, the old *water-made whirl holes*, would re-appear as *tracks of mares*

*and colts, to excite vulgar superstition, and even perplex the philosopher." (Pictures of Nature, p. 142.)*

But blind and ignorant as was the veneration induced by such "vulgar superstition," it is far superior to the learned scepticism too often the result of modern study:

"Good love, howe'er ill-placed,  
Is better for a man's soul in the end  
Than if he loved ill what deserves love well,  
*A pagan, kissing for a step of Pan,*  
*The wild-goat's hoof-print on the loamy down,*  
*Exceeds our modern thinker, who turns back*  
*The strata - granite, limestone, coal, and clay,*  
Concluding coldly with, 'Here's law ! where's God?' "

On the Valley side of this brook there is a sandstone rock, curiously perforated by small holes, arranged string-course fashion. Whether these perforations are the recent work of Mason bees, (*Anthopora*,) or were once the homes of rock-boring worms (*Teredines*,) of the Straits' period, it is not easy to determine.

Standing in the front rank of Autumn shows, is one division of plant-life that it is impossible to pass over, being so well represented at Habberley. I allude to the fungus family, which includes the well-known Mushroom, and the little-known and still less regarded toad-stools, frog-stools, &c. The curious forms and marvellous structure of these productions have not yet received that care and attention they are entitled to at the hands of all careful observers of nature, for among the many hundred species that grow in Britain, the Mushroom is the only one cared for, for its esculent qualities, though many species have been proved equally harmless, and even far superior to that fungus in flavour. But because knowledge is limited as regards them, and from affinity of shape it is not easy to divide the harmless from the poisonous, nearly the whole of this curious order of vegetables grow unregarded, and, in general opinion, without an object; every species not recognized as a Mushroom

being mercilessly condemned. True it is that many are highly deleterious, and indeed there is "death in the pot" which the common toad-stools fill, so that I do not licence you to experiment upon every colony of these capped gentry you meet with; especially should you stroll among the fir groves at the south end of the Valley some bright day in Autumn, and noticing that most beautiful species, the Flyblown Agaric, (*A. muscarius*,) with its brilliant scarlet cap, dotted with tufts of purest white, be tempted by its general good looks to pick and broil, "like any mushroom;" for be assured the species of immortality you will obtain by the discovery of its qualities will be in the next world; it being one of the most deadly of the tribe. So, let the enquiring visitant of Habberley be satisfied for the present, that botanists who have personally experimented upon divers sorts, have compared some of the harmless ones to lamb-chops in flavour, and others to the "essence of oysters;" and forbear



to taste for yourselves. But notice the bright colours and grotesque forms of the fungi as you will, for many of them are among the beautiful objects of Nature. There is the *Agaricus infundibuliformis*, a huge fellow with cap depressed till it forms a cup, standing in Habberley Wood in the fall of the year "like a flagon set in the green wood for fairies' refreshment," to borrow the graceful words of Mr. Lees. There is the Coral Clavaria, whose antler-shaped limbs rise like a branch of white coral from the moss-covered ground. And many other strange and grotesque forms will repay an hour's search among dead leaves, and under the dark shade of firs; and though low in the scale of plant-life, they are as well worth attention as the noblest flower that flaunts in the sunlight.

There is another curious family of vegetables well represented at Habberley. This is the lichen tribe, of which those patches of brown and yellow that color the surface of the rocks, afford a familiar

example. Insignificant as they appear, they are well worthy the attention of all, and their appearance especially grateful to those lovers of nature whose eye would be pained by the *bare* rocks and barren patches that would present themselves, if their mission was not to clothe and hide the naked places of the earth; for they are world-wide in their growth, not only on rocks, but on trees, on the ground, and even on other plants they grow, not at Habberley alone, but in every district throughout the world. It is these humble plants that color the pales that hedge in gardens, and cover the tiles of our houses with a brown or yellow crust. For the "weather-stains" upon rocks or buildings are simply the encrusting growth of lichens, whose light seeds, floating in the air, are caught by the slightest inequality of surface, and vegetate where other plants would perish. Though playing an insignificant part in the drama of life the results are far from being so; as the following incident will show. Some years

ago there was a fall of rock at the south end of the Valley; - whether from the rains of autumn collecting in fissures, and by the expansive power of wintry frost, splitting the rock; or from the roots of trees that overshadowed the cliff pushing their way through the easily broken sandstone, I know not. However, be the natural cause what it may, one little crag came toppling down, and strewed the heather beneath with its shattered remains. By this detachment a patch of naked rock was left, a new surface for the winds to woo, and atmospheric change to work upon. Not long did it offend the eye, by strong contrast with the lavishly colored vegetation around, for the powers of Nature set to work to array it in attire. The first breeze brought the lichen seeds, and soon their modest growth hid the nakedness of the rock. This crust had attained but a moderate thickness, when mosses began to spring upon it, deriving their sustenance from its decomposing base. *Their* decay produced a vegetable

mould, in which nobler plants could strike roots and flourish; and so ere long the bare rock, whose first mantle was the grey crust of lichens, became hidden by the luxurious growth of a high-class vegetation.

Thus have I briefly noted the chief productions of Habberley. The natural features of the Valley have been much, the same for centuries, for though in olden times, Wyre forest extended to Trimpley and Shatterford, covering much of north Worcestershire with dense woodlands, yet, it does not appear that the trees ever invaded the Valley, or that the flat sandy tracts and swelling hills were ever covered with a nobler vegetation than at present. The yew that clings to Ridgestone, belongs to this forest period; and had it the fabled gift of speech, could tell a tale of forest life, strangely different from modern ways. For the district before us was accounted a holy region in Saxon and Norman times, and to it men retired, who were wearied by the clang of the world, laying down honors

and mitres, and even crowns upon its outskirts. Here, in caves hewn out of the rocks they dwelt as hermits, illumining their last days with the rays of the future, and assisting, both by bodily refreshment and spiritual counsel, the traveller and wayfaring man. For this being the highroad to the wilderness of Menevia, once the stronghold of British Christianity, there was a constant stream of fugitives from the south, flying to a haven where they could enjoy their ancient faith. Many of these hermitages yet remain, though the best known - those of Redstone and Blackstone - belong to later days, when this element of reclusedom flourished high in Romish Worship, and was well thought of in the world. In Redstone hermitage, near Stourport, a Chronicle of Britain was written in the thirteenth century, by a monk named Layamon.

Many legends - especially of that class which record the defeat of the Evil one - were invented by these monkish hermits

for godly purposes; and, indeed, if we may be allowed so to describe the machinery used in this childhood of Religious teaching, formed their stock-in-trade which they dealt out to those they entertained. How St. Dunstan caught the Devil by the nose with heated tongs; how the old Cobbler of Bewdley (name unknown, and O shame to the men he benefited no column erected to his memory!) by strategem, saved the town from his malicious intentions; and how his transportation of the stones of St. Mary's when building, was frustrated by a monk from Worcester: these and like tales were related, to show the men who rested with them, that man's spirit if properly directed, is more than a match for the evil one.

But there was one part of human belief deeply implanted in the British mind, long before the good hermits sought by legends of Christendom to lead the thoughts aright. That pleasant old faith in the fairy world,

whatever may be its birth place, whether in Roman households, where the Lares and Penates kept watch, in Arab tents, danced round by Djinns, or in the rose-gardens of Persia, with the Peris; is shrined in the most ancient of the Bardic songs of Britain. How the tiny people came to England, to be cherished in the honest hearts of old, no chronicle relateth; though it would seem there are centres of creation in the world of fairies, and that the British fairy, though reckoned as a native institution years before the Saxons invaded the land, yet originally came over from that people. Poetic fancy has ever held high revel in the world of fairies, and with these brightly-colored glimpses we are fain to content ourselves; for fays have been long frightened from ancient haunts, and there are now no guests at the Mushroom table, where the sprightly crew, as we are told by one high in their confidence, were wont to dine, on "moon-parched grain of purest wheat," washed down by deep draughts of dew

brimmed up in acorn-cups; fit banquet for beings so tiny.

Nor is it likely they will return bodily, for not only in the great case of "Fact v. Fancy" now going on from term to term, are the little people sadly used; but botanists are ever trying to give over the only recognised trace of their existence, the fairy rings in green meadows - known to us in childhood as formed by their tiny feet gamboling in circling dances - to the kingdom of plants. Vainly, however, as yet, for those miserable fungi that cock their insulting caps in the rings, confound their devices by refusing to deliver up the secrets of their birth, and how they came connected with this ancient and time-honored family. Surely, though the history of human error is a ponderous volume to open, and an awful one to read, its brightest and most genial pages are those that tell us of the fairies!

The rings I have noted may be traced on the smooth, short grass of the Valley,



though some seasons they are fainter than others. They cannot be owing entirely to the growth of fungi, though these gentry sun themselves so persistently within their limits.

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### THE VIEW FROM HABBERLEY.

Let us suppose that in the course of a Summer's day at Habberley, we have seen all the things here described; have sought out with ardent zeal rare plants and mosses, and descending the quarries, have stood among the memorials of a long-departed world. And now the lengthened shadows warn us that evening is approaching. Let us, ere the softened light deepens into gloom, once more ascend the bluff head of the Valley, and sitting upon the rock from whence, in imagination, we saw the rolling waters of the Straits, and the sea-birds clustering upon Pekkit, learn somewhat of the changes that have befallen the family of

man in the arena before us. We have the plains of Worcestershire at our feet, for the Malverns bound the prospect southward. On our right, rises the long ridge-like hills of Abberley, and the brown heights of the Clee; while over the town, now lit up by the rays of the declining sun, stand the Clent and Lickey range, with their well-wooded sides. In the prospect of "to-day" little is there to note save the quiet beauty of the scene; for these are halcyon days of peace. A mighty spirit is abroad in the land, and arts and manufactures tread a path unchecked by those civil commotions that tore the land of old!

But there is reflected in the glass of history other scenes than those of quiet. These hills that stand about us could witness of rumours of wars, reverberating through long ages, and of actual battles that strewed their fair slopes with the dead. It is no phantom history that tells of warriors camped upon Warshill; no

delusive light that once gleamed from their watch-fires, and no faithless picture of the lonely guard peering into the darkness, and clutching his weapon with a fierce joy as he hears, by the clanging in the armourer's tent, that there will be a fight on the morrow. These are old tales that haunt the hills; but not as the dry bones of history must they be raised, for we have bright-eyed maidens with us, and laughing children, and the workings of human will that have brought change upon the world, can be made entrancing to the one, and intelligible to the other.

Three times, in the past history of the Kingdom, has the surging tide of war rolled against Warshill. When the Roman invader broke the long sleep of infant Britain, and sought by force of arms to civilize the people, Habberley, Kinver, and Clent were grounds hotly contested. Earthworks yet remain on the hills, and oral tradition has preserved memories of a mighty battle fought on Clent Heath,

between the mailed soldiers of Rome, camped on Wichbury; and the wild hordes of painted Britons who occupied the heights around. In Arley Wood, near Warshill, are Roman earthworks, evidently coeval with this struggle. This was about the year 50. Eight hundred years after, two other parties strove for mastery in the arena before us. Though all have heard of Alfred and the Danes, few know that the closing scenes of that long struggle were witnessed by the hills of Trimpley. After ravaging the country for years, these fierce marauders were driven towards Wales by the vigilance of the king. Passing through Worcestershire, they strongly entrenched themselves in the forest of Morf, which extended nearly to Trimpley. But their fort being taken by Alfred, and themselves defeated with great slaughter; they fled over the mountains into Wales. According to tradition, the battle was fiercest at Shatterford, where the king had placed a chosen band in ambush. This was the last battle between Alfred and the Danes.

Five centuries roll away, before we find Habberley again playing its part in the annals of war. When Owen Glyndwr, was blocked up by Henry IV., Warshill was one of a line of fortified posts, stretching across the northern part of the County. These were doubtless kept up for years after the rout of the rebel army at Shrewsbury fight; "that cruell battail" (as the old chroniclers have it,)" in which father fought against son, and brother against brother, dying the fair land of England with the blood of her bravest children."

Woodbury Hill, lying seven miles from Warshill, and which is distinctly visible from our post of observation, was another camp, and Kenvaur Edge, a third. Warshill seems at one time to have been occupied by the insurgents, for history speaks of skirmishes on the banks of the Severn, between this fort and the undoubted Royalist Camp at Woodbury, the advanced

guards of each party meeting as they extended their lines.

We have seen that the beautiful hills of Clent have their tales of war; but they are noted in Saxon history, as the scene of a still more fearful event. A foul and unnatural murder was there perpetrated; a tragedy that rang in the land for years after, and remembrance of which - in a church and district named from the saintly victim - is yet preserved. When, in days of Saxon rule, England was divided into seven kingdoms, the four counties seen from Clent formed part of Mercia, at once the largest and most powerful of the seven. But in the height of its power, Kenulph the king, was slain in an insurrection of his subjects, leaving the crown to his only son, Kenelm, an infant of seven years old. His sister and guardian, Quendreda, retired with him to Clent, where the late king had a hunting-box, as we should now call it; and here, by preconcerted arrangements

with one Alcobert, he was enticed into a woody dell, under pretence of hunting, and there murdered. Under an ancient thorn-tree his body was buried, and Quendreda secure, as she fancied, from detection, seized the crown. But soon there came strange news from Rome; a white dove had dropped a scroll upon St. Peter's altar, wherein was written, in letters of blood, a record of the crime :—

"In Clent cow pasture, under thorn,  
Of head bereft, lies Kenelm, King-born;"

ran the words of fearful import; and so according to monkish fable, was the murder of the royal infant, the last of the Mercian kings, made known. Legends state that a spring rich in curative power, bubbled up where the child's blood fell, and the church and shrine of St. Kenelm, which soon arose upon the spot, attained a height of reverent regard beyond all neighbouring places,

But in our notices of the hills, the Malverns must not be omitted. They have their tales of warfare, carrying us back to the first struggle that convulsed the isle - between the Romans and Britons. Here Caractacus long kept the invaders at bay with a line of bristling war-camps, fitted by their size and strength to have been raised and defended by giants. But useless was contention against the legions of Rome, and a great pitched battle, fought in the plain below, ended the struggle. Caractacus was taken prisoner, and led in chains to Rome, there by his noble conduct, to win the admiration and esteem of his conqueror. Another scene in the drama of its history is a battle equally decisive, in which another king narrowly escaped sharing the fate of Caractacus. They who watched from the heights of Malvern, the disasters of Worcester fight, knew by the scattered cavaliers flying in twos and threes from the City, how the tide of battle had rolled. One party hurried away with



their king, choosing the wilds and woodlands of the county, and putting trust in the loyal hearts that tenanted them. By such well-placed confidences, the Royal fugitive was saved a passage through the window at Whitehall; but of far higher value than the service they rendered, are the memories handed down to all time of their noble faithfulness.

Upon these battle fields, and upon the mouldering bones of the slain, we are often treading. We visit them as tourists, and wander down in thought, to the times that produced them. But is their value exhausted by a bare relation of facts? Will not those deep-struck chords of old times vibrate in the hearts of to-day? Oh, surely, if research into the wonders of the *Natural* world is acceptable before its Creator, there is yet a higher stage to be reached; a position from whence the marvellous influences that have brought change upon the world of man, can be seen and studied.

And abundant are the opportunities afforded; for in these days every one travels, change of air and scenery is regarded as useful and beneficial, and by Continental nations as a special prerogative of Englishmen. In our extended survey of the earth's surface, we seem to have taken for gospel, the curious perversion of the old Preacher - "Man is born to *travel*, as the sparks fly upwards;" but let us not forget that every condition of life has its peculiar requirements, and it is useless for "civil sheep" to break the fold, unless they return wiser and better than before. Travel then as you will, but take the observant eye and the teachable spirit with you, and no pleasure on earth is greater. Down the long corridor of departed time what noble examples rise and testify of excursions so employed. The oppressed children of the Patriarch cried from their bondage of toil in Egypt, from the treasure-cities they were rearing, and the tale of bricks they were rendering, for a yearly pilgrimage to the desert; that in

some green oasis they may lift up in adoration their hands and hearts to Him in whom they trusted. Year by year they obtained this relaxation, and yearly, in garments sacred to such a pilgrimage, the Nile Valley was filled by their hosts. And when they journeyed forth to return no more, and the strong arm of their destiny settled them in Palestine, we find the wisest of their kings, often retreating from the brilliant temples of palatial Jerusalem to the cool shades of Lebanon; where the "thousands who hewed wood upon the mountain" were watched by their monarch, from the latticed balcony of his "forest house." Here, and not in Jerusalem, the seat of empire, we love to think the beautiful wisdom of Solomon was shrined in song, called forth by the grandeur of surrounding scenery. The Natural world furnished his song of praise; an anthem which has ever since been swelling in volume and variety of tone, keeping pace

with increased civilization, and hurrying on to its culmination in that future Eden, so clearly reflected in Apocalyptic vision. The Plant and the Stone are as the key notes of that anthem; and though from the Hill of Trimpey and the Valley of Habberley *alone* these witnesses do not arise, yet a part in the great song belongs by right to them, and all who choose may take it! So let us, in all the marvellous works of Nature, acknowledge the hand of the Creator, "He" (who according to the grand evidence of the *Metamorphoses*," commanded the plains to be extended, - the vallies to sink! "



## APPENDIX.

## A.

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THE UPPER TILESTONES OF  
TRIMPLEY.

About a mile north of the Valley, and but a few steps from the pretty church of Trimpley, the Geologist will note a little open quarry, exposing beds that lie beneath the Cornstones. These are the Upper Tilestones, forming, part of the original Silurian System of Sir R. Murchison. Lithologically, they are grey micaceous flagstones, interstratified with brashy Cornstones. They are the undoubted equivalents of the Kington Tilestones; and in point of animal contents, if not in actual position, of the Caithness beds.

Remains of fish and Crustacea are abundant, though very fragmentary, while the flagstones are covered with impressions of aquatic plants. In the brashy Cornstones occur seed-vessels of Lycopodiums, drifted from the highlands of the period.

The following list of organic remains include all that have been made out.

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#### FISHES.

Cephalaspis Lloydii.

C. Lyellii.

Pteraspis Banksii.

Portions of the cuirass of this species are very abundant, and the triplex character as shown in *fig.* 8, easily to be made out.

P. Symondsianus. (Roberts, 1856.)

Remains of this highly ornamented species, first discovered in an equivalent bed at Targrove, near Ludlow, I have also obtained from this quarry.

Fig. 7.



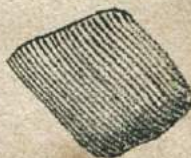
*Centre of Pteraspis shield (outer surface)*

Fig. 8.

*Vascular Fissure  
dividing plates*

*Outer Plate:*

*Inner Plate*



*Triple armour of Pteraspis ornatus.*

Fig. 9.



*Scale of Pteraspis Symondsianus  
twice natural size.*

## CRUSTACEA.

Pterygotus Anglicus. (Palcœecarcinus, Agaz.)

P. problematicus.

Leptocheles Murchisoni.

Eurypteris (?) (Patches of the carbonized skin of this, or an allied crustacean.)

---

 LAND PLANTS.

Lycopodites piniformis.

L. cordatus (?)

Abundance of the spore-cases of these ancient club mosses, drifted from the highlands of the period.

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 AQUATIC PLANTS.

Calamites, and other Equisetacean plants, and Reeds, (Juncites,) not easily divisible into species, from their drifted and highly carbonized condition.

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Parka decipiens. The variety No. 2 of Page, (*Advanced Text Book*, p. 127).



## B.

## THE FLORA OF HABBERLEY.

Nearly five hundred species of Plants have collected within a radius of half a mile from the "Pekkit Rock," by Mr. E. Ground, an intelligent botanist of Kidderminster. Of these I think well to note the rarer ones, together with those which always interest the observer of Nature.

*Erodium cicutarium,*

Hemlock-leaved Stork's bill.

*E. marilimum,*

Sea Stork's bill.

*Malva rotundifolia,*

Dwarf Mallow.

*M. moschata,*

Musk Mallow.

*Corydalis claviculata,*

White climbing Fumitory.

*Polygala vulgaris,*

Common Milkwort.

*Genista tinctoria,*

Dyer's green Weed.

*Ulex nanus,*

Small Furze.

*Vicia sylvatica,*

Wood Vetch.

*V. Cracca,*

Tufted Vetch.

*Trifolium medium,*

Zigzag Trefoil.

*Hypericum Androsæmum,*

Tutsan.

*H. quadrangulum,*

Square-stalked St. John's Wort.

*H. humifusum*,

Trailing St. John's Wort.

*H. montanum*,

Mountain St. John's Wort.

*H. pulchrum*,

Small upright St. John's Wort.

*Trogopogon pratensis*,

Goat's Beard.

*Picris hieracioides*,

Hawks-weed, Ox-tongue.

*Lacluca muralis*,

Ivy-leaved Lettuce.

*Carlina vulgaris*,

Carline Thistle.

*Eupatorium cannabinum*,

Hemp Agrimony.

*Filago minima*,

Least Filago.

*Erigeron acris*,

Purple Flea-bane,

*Pulicaria dysenterica*.

Common Flea-bane.

*Solidago Virgaurea,*

Golden rod.

*Achillea Ptarmica,*

Sneeze-wort.

*Centaurea cyanus,*

Common Blue-bottle.

*Habenaria chloranthe,*

Butterfly Orchis.

*Listera nidus-avis.*

Bird's-nest Listera.

*Epipactis media,*

Intermediate Helleborine.

*Euphorbia amygdaloides.*

Wood Spurge.

*Carex muricata,*

Slender Prickly Carex.

*C. pendula,*

Great Pendulous Carex.

*C. sylvatica,*

Wood Carex.

*C. strigosa,*

Loose pendulous Carex.

*Inula Conyza,*

Ploughman's Spikenard.

*Hieracium Pilosella.*

Mouse-ear Hawkweed.

*H. Sylvaticum,*

Wood Hawkweed.

*H. murorum,*

Broad-leaved wall Hawkweed.

*H. Boreale,*

Shrubby broad-leaved Hawkweed.

*H. umbellatum,*

Narrow-leaved Hawkweed.

*Scabiosa succisa,*

Devil's bit Scabious.

*Nepeta cataria.*

Cat mint.

*Tilia parviflora,*

Small-leaved Lime Tree.

*Equisetum sylvaticum,*

Wood Horsetail.

*Botrychium lunaria,*

Moonwort.

*Blechnum boreale*,

Northern Hard Fern.

*Asplenium Adiantum nigrum*.

Black Maiden-hair Spleenwort.

*A. trichomanes*,

Common Maiden-hair Spleenwort.

*Aspidium aculeatum*,

Prickly Shield Fern.

*A. angulare*, (*Polystichum Angulare*)

NEWMAN.

Angular-leaved Shield Fern.

*A. dilatatum*,

Broad Prickly-toothed Fern.

*A. spinulosa*,

Narrow Prickly-toothed Fern.

*Athyrium filix fœmina*,

Lady Fern.

*Chara vulgaris*,

Common Chara.

*Tamus communis*,

Black Briony.

*Salix Alba,*

White Willow.

*S. Triandria,*

Long-leaved Triandrius Willow.

*Euonymus Europæus,*

Spindle tree.

*Erythrœa Centaurium,*

Centaury.

*Veronica officinalis,*

Common Speedwell.

*V. Buxbaumii,*

Buxbaum's Speedwell.

*Lycopus Europæus,*

Gipsy-wort.

*Circeæ lutetiana,*

Enchanter's Nightshade.

*Valeriana dioica,*

Small marsh Valerian.

*V. officinalis,*

Great wild Valerian.

*Fedia olitoria,*

Lamb's Lettuce.

*Campanula latifolia*,

Giant Bell-flower.

*C. Trachelium*,

Nettle-leaved Bell-flower.

*Alopecurus agrestis*,

Slender Fox-tail Grass.

*Melica uniflora*,

Wood Melic Grass.

*Milium effusum*,

Spreading millet Grass.

*Glyceria rigida*,

Hard sweet Grass.

*Brachypodium sylvaticum*,

Slender Brome-wheat.

*Bromus Asper*,

Hairy Wood Brome Grass.

*Knautia arvensis*,

Field Knautia.

*Plantago coronopus*,

Buck's-horn Plantain.

*Lithospermum officinale*,

Gromwell.



*L. arvense,*

Corn Gromwell.

*Echium vulgare,*

Viper's Bugloss.

*Cynoglossum vulgare,*

Hound's-tongue,

*Lysimachia Nummularia,*

Money-wort.

*L. Nemorum,*

Wood Loose-strife.

*Verbascum Virgatum,*

Large-flowered Primrose Mullein.

*Nasturtium amphibium,*

Amphibious yellow Cress.

*Stachys arvensis,*

Corn Wound-wort.

*Solarium nigrum,*

Nightshade.

*S. Dulcamara,*

Woody Nightshade.

*Jasione montana,*

Sheep's bit.

*Sanicula Europæa,*

Wood Sanicle.

*Heliosodium inundatum,*

Least Marsh-wort.

*Viburnum opulus,*

Guelder Rose.

*Linum perenne,*

Perennial Flax.

*Linaria minor,*

Least Toad Flax.

*L. spuria,*

Round-leaved Toad Flax.

*Erica tetralix,*

Cross-leaved Heath.

*E. cinerea,*

Fine-leaved Heath.

*Vaccinium Myrtillis,*

Whortle berry or Bilberry.

*Paris quadrifolia,*

Herb Paris.

*Adoxa moschatellina,*

Tuberose Moschatel.

*Pyrola media.*

Intermediate Winter Green

*Chrysosplenium alternifolium,*

Alternate-leaved Golden  
Saxifrage.

*Saxifraga granulata,*

White Meadow Saxifrage.

*S. trydactylites,*

Red-leaved Saxifrage.

*Saponaria officinalis.*

Soap-wort,

*Dianthus armaria,*

Deptford Pink.

*Spergularia rubra,*

Purple Sandwort.

*Cotyledon umbilicus,*

Navel-wort,

*Sedum reflexum,*

Crooked yellow Stone Crop

*S. album,*

White Stone crop.

*S. acre,*

Wall pepper.

*S. dasyphyllum*,

Thick-leaved white Stone crop.

*Agrimonia Eupatoria*,

Agrimony.

*Pyrus aucuparia*,

Rowan-tree.

*Ranunculus flammula*,

Lesser Spear-wort.

*R. aquatilis*,

Water Crowfoot.

*R. Auricomus*,

Goldilocks.

*R. sceleratus*,

Celery-leaved Crowfoot.

*R. hederaceus*,

Ivy-leaved Crowfoot.

*Mentha rotundifolia*,

Round-leaved mint.

*M. Pulegium*,

Penny royal.

*Lamium Galeobdolon*, (*G. luteum* Sby)

Yellow Weasel-snout.

*Betonica officinalis*,

Wood Betony.

*Ballota nigra*,

Black Horehound.

*Marrubium vulgare*,

White Horehound.

*Lathræa squamaria*,

Tooth-wort.

*Pedicularis sylvatica*,

Louse-wort.

*P. palustris*,

Marsh Louse-wort.

*Digitalis purpurea*, var. *alba*,

White-flowered Foxglove.

*Orobanche major*,

Greater Broom-rape.

*Teesdalia nudicaulis*,

Naked-stemmed Teesdalia.

*Turritis glabra*,

Tower Mustard.

*Sisymbrium Sophia*,

Flix-weed.

*S. Thalianum*,

Thale Cress.

*Euphrasia officinalis*,

Eye-bright.

*Calamintha Acinos*,

Basil Thyme.

---

The *Cryptogamia* have not been so well explored; but I have gathered in or near the Valley, the following rarities :-

*Agaricus necator*.

*A. rubescens*.

*A. xerampelinus*.

*A. muscarius*.

*Clavaria anthocephala*.

*C. fragilis*.

*C. flava*.

*C. abietina*.

*Polyparus sulphureus*.

And that rare little Alpine lichen,  
*Stereocaulon natum.*

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There are many curious Fungi yet unnoted in the woods and glades of Habberley; in the Autumn they may be studied to advantage, so to this pleasant task I invite all lovers of these remarkable productions.

FINES